

GOLDEN STEPS



SELECTIONS FROM
"THE GOLDEN
STAIRCASE"
& OTHER POEMS

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GOLDEN STEPS

SELECTIONS FROM
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AND OTHER POEMS

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GOLDEN STEPS.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye would cross L^och Gyle 5
This dark and stormy water ? "

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together, 10
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride 15
When they have slain her lover ? "

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady : 20

" And, by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

25

But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night drew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

30

" O haste thee, haste ! " the lady cries,
" Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

35

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

40

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

45

" Come back ! come back ! " he cried in grief,
" Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O my daughter ! "

50

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

55

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

News of battle !—news of battle !

Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :—
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle ! who hath brought it ?

5

News of triumph ? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,

Greetings from our gallant King ?

All last night we watched the beacons

Blazing on the hills afar,

10

Each one bearing, as it kindled,

Message of the opened war.

All night long the northern streamers

Shot across the trembling sky :

Fearful lights that never beckon

15

Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle ! Who hath brought it ?

All are thronging to the gate ;

“Warder—warder ! open quickly !

Man—is this a time to wait ?”

20

And the heavy gates are opened :

Then a murmur long and loud,

And a cry of fear and wonder

Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness

25

Only one hard-stricken man ;

And his weary steed is wounded,

And his cheek is pale and wan :

Spearless hangs a bloody banner

In his weak and drooping hand—

30

God ! can that be Randolph Murray,

Captain of the city band ?

Round him crush the people, crying,

“Tell us all—oh, tell us true !

Where are they who went to battle, 35
 Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
 Where are they, our brothers—children ?
 Have they met the English foe ?
 Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
 Is it weal, or is it woe ? " 40
 Like a corpse the grisly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel ;
 But no word he speaks in answer—
 Only with his armèd heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward 45
 Up the city streets they ride ;
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying by his side.
 " By the God that made thee, Randolph !
 Tell us what mischance hath come." 50
 Then he lifts his riven banner
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—
 The men whom good King James had charged 55
 To watch the tower and wall.
 " Your hands are weak with age," he said,
 " Your hearts are stout and true ;
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
 While others fight for you. 60
 My trumpet from the Border-side
 Shall send a blast so clear,
 That all who wait within the gate
 That stirring sound may hear.
 Or, if it be the will of Heaven 65
 That back I never come,
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
 Ye hear the English drum,—
 Then let the warning bells ring out,
 Then gird you to the fray, 70

Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town ! "

75

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring :
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

80

85

90

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout
And all the din that thunders out,
When youth's of victory sure.

95

100

105

But yet a dearer thought had he—

For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel, 110

All keen to do and dare ;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.

Oh ! woeful now was the old man's look
And he spake right heavily— 115

“ Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be !

Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face :
Speak ! though it be of overthrow— 120
It cannot be disgrace ! ”

Right bitter was the agony

That wrung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud. 125

Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—“ That is all I bring ye
From the bravest in the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon it— 130

It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low, 135
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.

“ Ay ! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it 140
From the field of dark despair.

Never yet was royal banner
 Steeped in such a costly dye ;
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie. 145
 Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy,
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your King ! ”

Woe, woe, and lamentation ! 150
 What a piteous cry was there !
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
 Through the streets the death-word rushes,
 Spreading terror, sweeping on. 155
 “ Jesu Christ ! our King has fallen—
 O Great God, King James is gone !
 Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
 Thou who erst did lose thy Son !
 O the blackest day for Scotland 160
 That she ever knew before !
 O our King—the good, the noble,
 Shall we see him never more ?
 Woe to us ! and woe to Scotland !
 O our sons, our sons and men ! 165
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
 Surely some will come again ! ”
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem—
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin— 170
 Ye may look in vain for them !

But within the Council Chamber
 All was silent as the grave,
 Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
 Shook the bosoms of the brave. 175
 Well indeed might they be shaken
 With the weight of such a blow :

He was gone—their prince, their idol,
 Whom they loved and worshipped so !
 Like a knell of death and judgment 180
 Rung from heaven by angel hand,
 Fell the words of desolation
 On the elders of the land.
 Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
 Withered hands were clasped and wrung : 185
 God had left the old and feeble,
 He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose,
 And his lip was ashen white,
 But a flush was on his brow, 190
 And his eye was full of light.
 “ Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
 Like a soldier stout and true,
 Thou hast done a deed of daring
 Had been perilled but by few. 195
 For thou hast not shamed to face us,
 Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
 Standing—thou, a knight and captain—
 Here, alive within thy mail !
 Now, as my God shall judge me, 200
 I hold it braver done,
 Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
 And died above my son !
 Thou needst not tell it : he is dead.
 God help us all this day ! 205
 But speak—how fought the citizens
 Within the furious fray ?
 For, by the might of Mary !
 ’Twere something still to tell,
 That no Scottish foot went backward 210
 When the Royal Lion fell ! ”

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

SOLDIER, REST !

(From *The Lady of the Lake*.)

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
 Dream of battlefields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall, 5
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more : 10
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed's champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here, 15
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak, from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

SCOTT.

GATHERING-SONG OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,	5
Hark to the summons !	
Come in your war array,	
Gentles and Commons.	
Come from deep glen, and	
From mountain so rocky,	10
The war-pipe and pennon	
Are at Inverlochy.	
Come every hill-plaid, and	
True heart that wears one,	
Come every steel blade, and	15
Strong hand that bears one.	
Leave untended the herd,	
The flock without shelter ;	
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,	
The bride at the altar ;	20
Leave the deer, leave the steer,	
Leave nets and barges :	
Come with your fighting gear,	
Broadswords and targes.	
Come as the winds come, when	25
Forests are rended,	
Come as the waves come, when	
Navies are stranded :	
Faster come, faster come,	
Faster and faster,	30
Chief, vassal, page and groom,	
Tenant and master.	
Fast they come, fast they come ;	
See how they gather !	
Wide waves the eagle plume,	35
Blended with heather.	
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,	
Forward each man set !	
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	
Knell for the onset !	40

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
 Dark behind it rose the forest, 5
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
 Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
 Bright before it beat the water,
 Beat the clear and sunny water,
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water. 10

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews ; 15
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 " Hush ! the Naked Bear will get thee ! "
 Lulled him into slumber singing,
 " Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
 Who is this that lights the wigwam ? 20
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
 Ewa-yea ! my little owlet ! "

Many things Nokomis taught him
 Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet, 25
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
 Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
 Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
 Flaring far away to northward
 In the frosty nights of Winter ; 30
 Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
 Running straight across the heavens,
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings, 25
 Sat the little Hiawatha ;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
 Heard the lapping of the water,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
 " Minnie-wawa ! " said the pine-trees, 40
 " Mudway aushka ! " said the water.
 Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes, 45
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
 " Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature, 50
 Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! "

Saw the moon rise from the water
 Rippling, rounding from the water, 55
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
 Whispered, " What is that, Nokomis ? "
 And the good Nokomis answered :
 " Once a warrior, very angry,
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her 60
 Up into the sky at midnight ;
 Right against the moon he threw her ;
 'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
 In the eastern sky, the rainbow, 65
 Whispered, " What is that, Nokomis ? "
 And the good Nokomis answered :
 " 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
 All the wild-flowers of the forest,
 All the lilies of the prairie, 70

When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

75

80

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

85

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

90

LONGFELLOW.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;

5

But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats, 10
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats, 15
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

III.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 " 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine 25
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking 30
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing ! "
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council, 35
 At length the Mayor broke silence :

"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;

I wish I were a mile hence !

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—

I'm sure my poor head aches again,

40

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that ? "

45

(With the Corporation as he sat,

Looking little though wondrous fat ;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister

Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous

50

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?

Anything like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! "

V.

"Come in !"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger : 55

And in did come the strangest figure !

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red,

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

60

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in ;

There was no guessing his kith and kin :

And nobody could enough admire

65

The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one : "It's as my great-grandsire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,

Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone ! "

VI.

He advanced to the council table : 70
 And, " Please your honours," said he, " I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw ! 75
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck 80
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing 85
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 " Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ; 90
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats :
 And as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ? " 95
 " One ? fifty thousand ! "—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept 100
 In his quiet pipe the while :

Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ; 105
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling. 110
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, 115
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing, 120
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished !
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished) 125
 To Rat-land home his commentary :
 Which was, “ At the first shrill notes of the
 pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press’s gripe : 130
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
 And it seemed as if a voice 135
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, ‘ Oh rats, rejoice !
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! ' 140
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said : ' Come, bore me ! '
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me." 145

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 " Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles,
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders, 150
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats ! "—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, " First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! "

IX.

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue : 155
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. 160
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
 " Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 " Our business was done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, 165
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke 170
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! ”

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried :
“ No trifling ! I can't wait, beside ! 175
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor : 180
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

XI.

“ How ? ” cried the Mayor, “ d'ye think I brook 185
Being worse treated than a Cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst.
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! ” 190

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning 195
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chat-
tering, 200

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, 205
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry 210
 To the children merrily skipping by,
 —Could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, 215
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, 220
 And after him the children pressed.
 Great was the joy in every breast :
 " He never can cross that mighty top !
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop ! " 225
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last, 230
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say all ? No ! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,— 235

" It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me.
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, 240
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new ;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, 245
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings :
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured, 250
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more ! " 255

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !
 There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says that heaven's gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in ! 260
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went, 265
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when he saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly 270

If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 "And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of Júly,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : " 275

And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labour. 280
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church-window painted 285
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away,
 And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe 290
 Of alien people who ascribe

The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison 295

Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers 300
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers !
 And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm
 mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise !

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

(From *Childe Harold*.)

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when 5
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No—'twas but the wind, 10
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once
 more, 15
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before !
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain ; he did hear 20
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier, 25
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago 30
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—

And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes, 35
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war— 40
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—“ The foe ! They come !
 They come ! ” 45

And wild and high the “ Cameron’s Gathering ” rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills 50
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan’s—Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s
 ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, 55
 Dewy with Nature’s tear-drops, as they pass—
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow 60
 In its next verdure, when the fiery mass
 Of living Valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high Hope, shall moulder cold and
 low.

Last Noon beheld them full of lusty life ;—
 Last Eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ; 65
 The Midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay 70
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend,—foe,—in one red burial
 blent !

BYRON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold. 5
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said :
 " What writest thou ? "—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered : " The names of those who love the
 Lord." 10

" And is mine one ? " said Abou. " Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said : " I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night 15
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 bless'd,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SHIPS.

For many a year I've watched the ships a-sailing to
and fro,
The mighty ships, the little ships, the speedy and the
slow ;
And many a time I've told myself that some day I
would go
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

The swift and stately liners, how they run without a
rest !
The great three-masters, they have touched the East
and told the West !
The monster burden-bearers—oh, they all have plunged
and pressed
Around the world that is so full of wonders !

The cruiser and the battleship that loom as dark as doubt
The devilish destroyer and the hateful, hideous scout— 10
These deathly things may also rush, with roar and snarl
and shout,
Around the world that is so full of wonders !

My lord he owns a grand white yacht, most beautiful
and fine,
But seldom does she leave the firth lest he should fail
to dine.
I'd find a thousand richer feasts than his—if she were
mine— 15
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

The shabby tramp that like a wedge is hammered through
the seas,
The little brown-sailed brigantine that traps the lightest
breeze—
Oh, I'd be well content to fare aboard the least of these
Around the world that is so full of wonders. 20

The things I've heard, the things I've read, the things
 I've dreamed might be,
 The boyish tales, the old men's yarns—they will not
 pass from me.
 I've heard, I've read, I've dreamed . . . But all the
 time I've longed to *see*—
 Around the world that is so full of wonders.

So year by year I watch the ships a-sailing to and fro, 25
 The ships that come as strangers and the ships I've
 learned to know.
 . . . Folk smile to hear an old man say that *some* day
 he will go
 Around the world that is so full of wonders.

J. J. BELL.

THE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
 I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
 days,
 When the great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day, 5
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
 Bay ;
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's
 isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
 And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in
 chase. 10
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
 wall ;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty
 hall ;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes ; 15

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace,

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells. 20

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield ;

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay, 25

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ; ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids ;

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ; ho ! gallants, draw
your blades :

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her
wide—

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride. 30

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold,

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold ;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay, 35

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread ;

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire. 40

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew ;

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town, 45

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,

And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light ;

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,

And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke. 50

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet, 55
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent. 60
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales, 65
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain; 70
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !

For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :

Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark. 40

A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God ! 45
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory glides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
 And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear, 70
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony 75
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 " O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near." 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

TENNYSON.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep, 5
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land ; 10
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 " The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be ;
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known : 35
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept 45
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping
down

By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt : 55
For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
" Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
" Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fēalty, nor like a noble knight : 75
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

" And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this if this were done ?

What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand 96
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept, 100
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost."
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
 " What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere : 115
 " I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
 " Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all, 125
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere ;
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? " 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,

And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,
 quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. 185
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
 And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware 195
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them
 rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"

And to the barge they came. There those three
 Queens 205
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and
 wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with
 drops 215

Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust ;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his
 lips. 220

So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 " Ah ! my lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have not been since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ; 235
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou, 245
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
 prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
 voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
 swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON.

FAIRY SONGS.

(From *The Tempest*.)

I.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 (The wild waves whist),
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

5

Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

10

Hark ! hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

II.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :

In a cowslip's bell I lie ;

15

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

20

III.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;

Of his bones are coral made ;

Those are pearls that were his eyes :

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

25

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FAIRY SCENE IN A WOOD.

(From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)*The Fairy Queen* TITANIA calls to her FAIRIES—

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song ;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
 Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats, and some keep back 8
 The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;
 Then to your offices and let me rest.

She lies down to sleep, and the FAIRIES sing—

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ; 10
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby : 15
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh :
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ; 20
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ; 25
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

30

A FAIRY.

Hence, away ! now all is well :
One aloof stand sentinel.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHANTICLEER.

Of all the birds from East to West,
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

Gold plume and copper plume
Comb of scarlet gay ;
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom.
And whistles back the day !

5

He is the sun's brave herald
That, ringing his blithe horn,
Calls round a world dew-pearled
The heavenly airs of morn.

10

O clear gold, shrill and bold !
He calls through creeping mist
The mountains from the night and cold
To rose and amethyst.

15

He sets the birds to singing,
And calls the flowers to rise ;
The morning cometh, bringing
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

20

Gold plume and silver plume,
Comb of coral gay ;
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,
And summons home the day !

Black fear he sends it flying,
 Black care he drives afar ;
 And creeping shadows sighing
 Before the morning star.

25

The birds of all the forest
 Have dear and pleasant cheer
 But yet I hold the rarest
 The farmyard Chanticleer.

30

*Red cock or black cock,
 Gold cock or white,
 The flower of all the feathered flock,
 He whistles back the light !*

35

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON.
(By permission of the Author.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flow'd back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time ;
 And many a sheeny summer-morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
 High-walled gardens green and old ;
 True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

5

10

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
 The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
 The citron-shadows in the blue :

15

By garden porches on the brim,
 The costly doors flung open wide,
 Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
 And broider'd sofas on each side :
 In sooth it was a goodly time, 20
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal 25
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the water slept. 30
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on 35
 My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I enter'd, from the clearer light,
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb 40
 Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward ; and the clear canal 45
 Is rounded to as clear a lake.
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rillets musical,
 Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow 50

Fall'n silver-chiming, seem'd to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

55

Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-colour'd shells
 Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn
 In order, eastern flowers large,
 Some dropping low their crimson bells
 Half-closed, and others studded wide
 With disks and tiars, fed the time
 With odour in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

60

65

Far-off, and where the lemon-grove
 In closest coverture upsprung,
 The living airs of middle night
 Died round the bulbul as he sung ;
 Not he : but something which possess'd
 The darkness of the world, delight,
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
 Apart from place, withholding time,
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

70

75

Black the garden-bowers and grots
 Slumber'd : the solemn palms were ranged
 Above, unwoo'd of summer wind :
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
 And, flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond-plots

80

85

Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid, 90
Grew darker from that under-flame :
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank 95
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
Entrancèd with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— 100
A realm of pleasure, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks, 105
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid. 110

With dazèd vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors, 115
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime 120
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame 125
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
 Upon the moonèd domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time, 130
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancèdly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes 135
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone ; 140
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropt a rich 145
 Throne of the massive ore, from which
 Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diaper'd
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd 150
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID !

TENNYSON.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—

The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5

And coral reefs lie bare
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !

And every chambered cell, 10
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
That spread his lustrous coil ;

Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
Than even Triton blew from wreathèd horn.

While in mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll ; 30
 Leave thy low-vaulted past ;
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea. 35
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DAFFODILS.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay : 10
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
 A Poet could not but be gay 15
 In such a jocund company !
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ? 10
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp 15
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink 10
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care 15
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned 20
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven 25
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight, 80
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT.

WISDOM.

Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding :
For the merchandise of it is better than the mer-
chandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies : 5
And all the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand ;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, 10
And all her paths are peace.

BIBLE (*Proverbs*).

Notes on the Poems

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844), poet, born and educated at Glasgow. Chiefly famed for his ballads and patriotic lyrics, such as "Ye Mariners of England," "Hohenlinden," and "The Battle of the Baltic." He was also of some repute as a literary critic. Lord Rector of Glasgow University, 1826-1829.

- | LINE. | LINE. |
|---|--|
| 5. Loch Gyle, now Loch na Keal, an inlet on the west coast of the island of Mull, Scotland. | 11. Glen, in Scotland, a narrow valley. |
| 7. Ulva's Isle, a small island off the west coast of Mull. | 17. Wight, a man. |
| | 26. Water-wraith, a water-spirit supposed to be hostile to travellers. |

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN (1813-1865), lawyer and author, born and educated at Edinburgh. Contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Works chiefly poetry: "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and humorous prose pieces. Became Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres at Edinburgh, 1845.

The Battle of Flodden, near Coldstream, in Northumberland, was fought in 1513 between the Scots, under James IV., and an English army, under the Earl of Surrey. The Scots lost from 6,000 to 10,000 dead and wounded, including the king and many nobles. The English losses were about 4,000, sufficient to check the northward advance of the victors.

- | LINE. | LINE. |
|--|---|
| 13. Northern streamers, the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights. | 82. Mailed hand, hand covered by steel gauntlet or glove. |
| 25. Harness, armour. | 84. Brand, weapon; sword. |
| 32. City band, troops belonging to the city. | 88. Couched a spear, held a spear in the position of offence; fought. |
| 42. Helm, helmet, or headpiece. | 93. Provost, chief of city council; mayor. |
| 53. Elders, councillors elected to regulate city affairs. | 102. Borough-muir, a large plain south of Edinburgh Castle. |
| 59. Maiden Town, Edinburgh, so called because never captured. | 110. Casque, helmet of metal. |
| 61. Border-side, the district between Scotland and England. | 113. Dunedin, Edinburgh. |
| 71. Burghers, citizens; dwellers in a burgh. | 166. Southron, Southerner; Englishman. |
| 81. Corslet, armour covering for the body. | 211. Royal Lion. The Standard of Scotland is a red lion rampant on a yellow ground. |

SOLDIER, REST!

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), lawyer, poet, and novelist, was born and educated in Edinburgh, at the Royal High School and the University, where he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1792. In 1799 he became Sheriff of Selkirk, and in 1812 one of the principal clerks to the Court of Session. Scott came of a Border family, and after living for some time at Ashestiel, on the river Tweed, built for himself the famous house at Abbotsford, near Melrose, where he spent his later years. His fame rests not upon his legal but his literary work. His career as an author began with translations from German authors in 1795; but he soon turned to original work both in prose and poetry, dealing chiefly with historical themes of all periods and many countries. At first he issued his works anonymously, and his novels were known as the Waverley Novels, "Waverley" being the title of his first novel, published in 1814. His last novel was published in 1831.

This selection is a lyric taken from "The Lady of the Lake," one of his long romantic poems, published in 1810. The scene of the poem is laid in Scotland, in the Trossachs district.

LINE.

15. Pibroch, tune played on the Highland bagpipes, usually of a martial nature.
16. Clan, a number of families all of one name and under one chief.
17. Lark, the skylark, a small field

LINE.

- bird of very sweet song, which flies very high.
19. Bittern, a bird of the heron type living in marshy neighbourhoods, remarkable for the deep booming noise it makes at the breeding season.

GATHERING-SONG OF DONALD DHU.

LINE.

1. Dhu, black (Gaelic).
11. War-pipe, bagpipe.
12. Inverlochy, castle of the Earls of Argyll, near Fort William, Inverness-shire (now in ruins).
13. Hill-plaid, hill tartan; tartan worn by Highland clans.

LINE.

24. Targes, small round shields.
35. Eagle plume, eagle feather worn in headdress of Highland chiefs.
37. Cast your plaids. It was the custom of Highlanders to throw off their plaids—tartan blanket wraps—on going into battle.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882), poet, born at Portland, Maine. Educated at Bowdoin College. Even as a child he cared for little but reading. He was appointed to a new Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin after graduating. He wrote many works, both prose and poetry; but his

fame as an author rests chiefly on his poetical work. While he has no very great intensity of feeling or height of imagination, the beauty and simplicity of his writings appeal to a wide circle.

"Hiawatha," from which this extract is taken, tells the story of the life on earth of a beneficent Indian spirit who descended to earth and lived among the Iroquois Indians.

LINE.

13. Linden, lime tree.
19. Owlet, young owl; here a term of endearment.

LINE.

- 27 Death-Dance of the spirits,
Aurora Borealis.
31. White road, the "Milky Way."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889), poet, born at London, and educated privately and at University College, London. He wrote his first book of poems at the age of twelve, but later destroyed them. His first publication, "Pauline," 1833, attracted little attention, and, indeed, it was long before his work gained the appreciation which it deserves. This is probably due to the fact that most of his longer poems are beyond the understanding of the majority, owing to the abstruseness of thought and obscurity of expression.

LINE.

- Pied, parti-coloured, referring to garments.
1. Brunswick, a state of Northern Germany.
6. Ditty, song.
15. Sprats, a kind of small fish.
20. Sharps and flats, musical terms meaning a rise and a fall respectively of half a tone.
23. Noddy, fool.
25. Ermine, a white fur, very costly.
28. Obese, stout, fat.
37. Guilder, a gold coin.
51. Turtle, a sea-tortoise whose flesh is considered a great delicacy.
64. Kith, relatives.
82. Cheque, check; chess-board pattern.
89. Tartary, a country of Central Asia.
89. Cham, ruler of the above.
91. Nizam, an Oriental ruler; an Indian title.
92. Vampire-bats, a species of bats which suck the blood of animals.

LINE.

123. Julius Cæsar, a famous Roman general who lived about 50 B.C.
125. Manuscript, a document written by hand.
126. Commentary, story; explanatory remarks. (Cæsar's account of his campaigns is known as his 'Commentaries'.)
136. Psaltery, a stringed instrument used by the ancient Hebrews.
139. Nuncheon, noon meal.
141. Puncheon, large cask or barrel.
142. Staved, broached; broken open into staves.
160. Rhenish, Rhine wine; made from grapes grown in the Rhine valley.
169. Poke, pouch or bag.
177. Bagdat, or Bagdad, a city of Mesopotamia, or Iraq.
179. Caliph, ancient ruler of Bagdad.
180. Scorpion, an insect of the spider kind, shaped somewhat like a lobster, with a poisonous sting in its tail.

LINE.	LINE.
182. Stiver, Dutch coin worth about two cents.	290. Transylvania, a district of Central Europe, now part of Rumania.
214. Rack, old instrument of torture.	296. Trepanned, tricked; captured by trickery.
227. Portal, gate or door.	
257. Pate, head.	

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824), poet, born in London, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He spent the greater part of his life abroad owing to domestic and financial troubles. He wrote many poems of varying length and merit. His sad and unhappy life left its mark of cynicism on much of his writing.

This selection is taken from "Childe Harold," a long poem written between 1811 and 1817, giving a description of a prolonged tour—two tours actually—in Europe. This extract describes a dance held in Brussels on the night before the Battle of Quatre Bras. The name of the Battle of Waterloo, fought on June 18, 1815, two days after Quatre Bras, between the French under Napoleon, and the British under Wellington, and the Germans under Blücher, is used as being more famous.

LINE.	LINE.
2. Belgium's Capital, Brussels.	38. Squadron, body of cavalry.
3. Beauty and Chivalry, ladies and officers.	46. Cameron's Gathering, bagpipe tune of the Cameron Highlanders.
6. Voluptuous, giving pleasure.	47. Lochiel, head of Clan Cameron.
9. Knell, the sound of a bell used as a signal of death.	47. Albyn's, Scotland's.
20. Brunswick's Chieftain, the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Quatre Bras.	48. Saxon, English.
22. Death's prophetic ear. He had a premonition that he was about to die.	55. Ardennes, forest-clad hills in south Belgium.
	57. Inanimate, not possessing life.
	70. Other clay, the bodies of those who fell.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859), essayist and poet, born at Southgate, England, and educated at Christ's Hospital, London. Along with his brother, and later by himself, he published various newspapers and periodicals. His works comprise both verse and prose, and it is to the latter that his fame is mainly due. His essays especially are most attractive.

LINE.	LINE.
1. Ben Adhem, son of Adam (Arabic).	18. Led all the rest, was written above all the others.
9. Accord, goodwill.	

THE SHIPS.

J. J. BELL (1871), modern journalist and author, born and educated in Glasgow, author of numerous sketches in the Scottish dialect, often humorous, as "Wee Macgregor," and popular verse.

LINE.	LINE.
14. Firth, a narrow part of the sea ; a wide river mouth.	vessel, differing from a brig in being square-rigged on the fore- mast only.
17. Tramp, a vessel built entirely for carrying cargo.	19. Fare, travel.
18. Brigantine, a two-masted sailing	22. Old men's yarns, stories.

THE ARMADA.

✓ THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859), historian, essayist, and poet, born in Leicestershire, and educated privately and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Became a barrister, and later held various appointments under the Government. His chief works are his "History of England" and his "Essays," the latter of which are very widely read, and give a very vivid picture of the subjects dealt with.

The Armada was a great fleet sent in 1588 by the King of Spain to effect an invasion of England in retaliation for the aggression of Drake and other daring English sailors in the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and America. It was totally destroyed by a great storm.

LINE.	LINE.
1. List, wish.	39. Shire, county.
7. Castile, a province of Spain.	50. Royal city, London.
14. Post, a stage of a journey; journey.	53. Tower—of London, an ancient citadel.
15. Sheriff, a magistrate placed over a shire or county.	55. Wards, districts or divisions of the city.
20. Blazon, a coat of arms; a banner.	56. Pikes, spears for thrusting.
29. Waft, blow gently.	61. Couriers, messengers, usually mounted.
30. Semper eadem, Latin for "al- ways the same."	62. Swarthy, dark.
32. Scroll, an ornamental inscription.	73. Embattled pile, fortress or castle.
37. War-flame, beacons giving warn- ing of war.	

SIR GALAHAD.

✓ ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892), poet, born at Somersby in Lincolnshire, and educated at Louth and Trinity College, Cambridge. Ultimately became Poet Laureate. His longer works comprise "The Princess," "Maud," "In Memoriam," and "Idylls of the King." His chief characteristics are his wide outlook, his depth of feeling, a great patriotism—displayed in such poems as "The Revenge" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—

an exquisite sense of beauty, a faculty of appropriate and felicitous phraseology, and an excellent aptitude for watching sense and sound.

This and the following extract are from the "Idylls of the King," in which Tennyson retells and remodels the story of the romantic and heroic King Arthur of England and his Knights of the Round Table, who are said to have opposed the invasion of the heathen Saxons about the beginning of the sixth century. The story of King Arthur was written by Geoffrey of Monmouth about 1135, then translated into French verse, translated back into English by the monk Layamon, and later told in prose by Sir Thomas Malory, each writer selecting from the mass of legends which had grown up round the central figure of the king. King Arthur and his knights were sworn to do good, to right wrongs, and to seek for the Holy Grail—the cup used by the Lord and His disciples at the Last Supper. Sir Galahad was destined to be the ultimate discoverer of the Grail.

LINE.

9. Lists, an enclosed space for knightly combats.
16. Thrall, thralldom; slavery.
18. Crypt, a space below a church reserved for burial, and also used for worship.
18. Shrine, a sacred place; an altar.
22. Transports, strong feelings.
24. Virgin, pure.
31. Void, empty. [is burned.]
35. Censer, a vessel in which incense

LINE.

36. Chaunts, sacred songs.
37. Meres, ponds; small lakes.
38. Bark, small boat.
49. Charger, war-horse.
53. Leads, roofs.
61. Maiden, of untarnished reputation.
77. Copses, small woods.
81. Hostel, hostelry; inn.
81. Grange, farm.
82. Pale, enclosed land.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

LINE.

- Morte d'Arthur, the death of Arthur (French).
4. Lyonesse, the land of King Arthur, perhaps Cornwall or a land further to the west, now submerged.
9. Chancel, the part of a church where stands the altar or communion table.
10. Strait, narrow place.
14. Sequel, result; consequence.
21. Camelot, King Arthur's capital.
23. Merlin, a magician.
31. Samite, a kind of silk cloth interwoven with gold.
37. Middle mere, middle of the lake.

LINE.

38. Lightly, quickly.
46. Athwart, across.
57. Topaz and jacinth, precious stones—the former yellow, the latter of various colours.
58. Subtlest, most intricate.
64. Marge, edge; bank.
74. Beseem'd, became; suited.
75. Fealty, allegiance; faithfulness.
86. Chased, engraved.
89. Worthy note, deserving to be noticed or remarked on.
94. Bond, obligation.
102. Joust, knightly combat.
110. Conceit, imagination.
122. Widow'd, bereft; deprived.

LINE.

127. Lust, strong longing.
 167. Pavement, stone floor.
 168. Reclining, leaning on.
 174. Languid, weak ; listless.
 185. Goad, a sharp-pointed stick used to urge on plough oxen.
 195. Were ware, noticed ; became aware.
 197. Black-stoled, black-rebed.
 215. Greaves, armour for the lower limbs.
 215. Cuisses, thigh pieces of armour.

LINE.

233. Myrrh, an aromatic gum obtained from the Cistus plant.
 259. Avilion, the paradise of heroes, in Celtic legends.
 263. Bowery, full of flowers and shrubs.
 267. Fluting, singing ; whistling as a flute.
 267. Carol, a song.
 269. Swarthy webs, black webbed feet.
 271. Verge, edge.

FAIRY SONGS (from *The Tempest*).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), the greatest English dramatist, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. He wrote in all thirty-seven plays, some original and others simply old plays remodelled. In addition he wrote two longer poems and some of the finest sonnets in the English language. His treatment of the supernatural, especially of fairies, has rarely, if ever, been surpassed.

LINE.

4. Whist, silent ; hushed.
 6. Sprites, spirits.
 12. Chanticleer, cock.
 15. Cowslip, a kind of primrose.

LINE.

21. Fathom, nautical measure equal to six feet.
 27. Sea-nymphs, mythical sea-maidens.

A FAIRY SCENE IN A WOOD (from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*).

LINE.

1. Roundel, a kind of part song ; a round.
 3. Cankers, a grub which destroys flowers and plants.
 4. Rere-mice, bats ; literally, flying
 5. Elves, fairies. [mice.]

LINE.

11. Newts, a small kind of lizard ; also called efts.
 17. Spell, words supposed to have magic power.
 17. Charm, same as spell.
 18. Nigh, near.

CHANTICLEER.

MRS. HINKSON (née Katharine Tynan), Irish novelist and poetess, educated at Sienna Convent, Drogheda, Ireland, began writing at the age of seventeen, and is the author of numerous popular novels.

LINE.

9. Herald, forerunner.
 10. Blithe, cheerful.

LINE.

16. Amethyst, a precious stone, purple in colour.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

LINE.

- The Arabian Nights, "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," or "The Thousand and One Nights," a series of Oriental tales, translated and adapted from the ancient Persian.
5. Sheeny, sunshiny.
 6. Tigris, one of the great rivers of Mesopotamia.
 7. Fretted, carved, like fretwork.
 9. Mussulman, a Mohammedan.
 10. Prime, the ascendancy; the best time.
 11. Haroun Alraschid, Aaron the Just (Arabic), a caliph of Bagdad in the ninth century.
 12. Anight, at night.
 12. Shallop, small boat; skiff.
 23. Platans, plane trees.
 26. Sluiced, diverted by a sluice or
 27. Sward, turf. [dam.
 28. Damask-work, like the woven figures so called.
 29. Braided, entwined.
 34. Won, derived.
 39. Imbower'd vaults, passages walled and roofed with trees.
 40. Clomb, climbed.
 41. Dome, an arched or curved roof.
 47. Rivage, banks.
 48. Rillets, small streams or rills.
 52. Prow, the bow or front part of a boat.

LINE.

60. Fluted, grooved.
64. Tiara, a kind of crown; a tiara.
68. Coverture, intertwining so as to overshadow.
70. Bulbul, a kind of nightingale.
80. Unwoo'd, unapproached; not sought out.
97. Entranced, delighted; overcome with delight.
114. Pavilion, a building with a tent-shaped roof.
115. Cedarn, made of cedar wood.
116. Spangled, ornamented; sparkling.
120. Humour, fancy; taste.
123. Quintessence, the purest part; literally, the fifth or finest essence, purer than the four elements of earth, water, air, and fire.
124. Tapers, small wax lights.
125. Twisted silvers, silver candelabra.
127. Mooned, covered with painted silver moons.
129. Crescents, crescent moons.
133. Trancedly, as if in a trance.
135. Argent, silver.
138. Redolent, sweet-scented.
140. Zone, girdle; waist-belt.
145. Underpropt, supported; having props underneath.
148. Diaper'd, marked with figures.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), doctor and author, born at Cambridge, Mass., and graduated at Harvard. He practised as a doctor, and later became Professor of Anatomy. He produced very little literary work before 1857, but thereafter became a chief contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Most of his work is prose, but contains several fine short poems.

LINE.

Nautilus, a kind of floating shell-fish with a membrane which is said to act as a sail; also called the "Portuguese man-of-war."

5. Siren, a mythical maiden with a very sweet voice.
11. Wont, accustomed (pronounced *wunt*).

LINE.

14. Irised, coloured like a rainbow.
 16. Lustrous, shining.
 20. Idle, unused.
 24. Forlorn, deserted.

LINE.

26. Triton, a mythical demi-god of
 the sea who used a shell as a
 trumpet.
 26. Wreathed, twisted.

THE DAFFODILS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), English poet, born at Cockermouth, in the north of England, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He travelled considerably on the Continent, and became Poet Laureate in 1843. His poetry is very unequal—at times sublime and at times trivial. His outstanding features are his intense love for and beautiful descriptions of nature, and his sense of the mystic relations between man and nature. He was also a master of English prose.

LINE.

2. Vales, valleys.
 12. Sprightly, gay; joyous.
 16. Jocund, happy.

LINE.

20. Vacant, unoccupied; at ease.
 20. Pensive, thoughtful.
 22. Bliss, contentment.

THE TIGER.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827), engraver and poet, born in London. He was always of a dreamy and visionary nature. He studied art at the Royal Academy, London, having previously been apprenticed to an engraver. Some of his shorter poems are characterized by a simple tenderness and intensity of feeling.

LINE.

4. Symmetry, regularity of form or
 design.

LINE.

5. Deep, depths; ocean.
 7. Aspire, to rise; to soar.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878), poet, born at Cummington, Mass. He was trained as a lawyer, but gave up the law for literature. He edited several periodicals and papers. His work is characterized by grace and tenderness, a gentle melancholy, and a love of solitude.

LINE.

6. Mark, notice; watch.
 9. Plashy, wet; marshy.
 9. Brink, edge; shore.
 12. Chafed, rubbed.

LINE.

15. Illimitable, without bounds.
 25. Abyss, depths.
 29. Zone, a division of the earth
 according to climate.

HIS